

The Mountain Advocate.

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BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, FEB. 9, 1912

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JUDGE JAMES H. TINSLEY DEAD

Former Resident of This City Passed Away at His Home in Covington Last Saturday

Remains Brought to This City and Interred Tuesday by Masonic Order

Judge Jas. H. Tinsley, a former resident of Barbourville, and a practicing attorney here for a number of years, died last Saturday at his home in Covington, after being ill for several weeks. His remains were brought here for burial and the funeral services took place at the M. E. Church Tuesday morning, being conducted by Rev. F. W. Harrop, pastor of that church, and by the Masters of Mountain Lodge No. 187 F. and A. M., of which he was a member.

The members of the Knox County Bar Association and members of John G. Eve post G. A. R. attended in a body to pay the last tribute to their beloved member and associate.

Judge Jas. D. Black, acting master of the Masons, conducted the Masonic ceremonies and also spoke a few words in behalf of the Knox County Bar.

Judge Tinsley was 69 years of age at his death, and leaves a large number of relatives and a host of friends all over the State and Nation to mourn his death.

Following are the resolutions adopted by the Knox County Bar Association.

Comes now the Knox County Bar Association to lay its tribute of esteem and affection upon the bier of its distinguished member, lately deceased, Judge James H. Tinsley. We know him well. The tablets of memory are indelibly written with appreciative recollections of him. Here among us was he reared; here to an exemplary manhood he grew; and here, after a diligent and studious apprenticeship in the study and practice of the law, did he receive the first full fruition of his earlier struggles. The Law is a jealous mistress, and smiles only upon the assiduous, the preserving, the upright and the learned. The temporizer, the opportunist, the trickster, are forever barred from that charmed circle wherein dwell only those whose laurels are justly merited and whose fame is nobly won. The bow he wielded was that of a Ulysses, and no weakling ever hears the twang of that sturdy string. In his quiver was no mean arrow, and in his armor was no unworthy steel. He knew the law and the reason thereof. As a counselor, he gave the wisdom which comes from ripe experience and sound learning; as an advocate, he was the peer of the best; as a judge, he meted out the law with an integrity, a fidelity to duty, and an unerring justice, worthy of the occupant of high judicial station. And whether it be as the representative of the State, or as the mouthpiece of the law, or as the messenger of the National Government, bearing swift retributive justice to the law-breaker, his services were of eminent and recognized worth. And a soldier in the armies of his country, when its fortunes were decluded with the dark pall of dissension and impending dissolution, he there, too, proved the ardor of his patriotism and the fearless zeal of his convictions.

Death is the most insistent visitor that knocks at the gates of life. The Grim Reaper is the ultimate lord over all things animate. He walks all the highways and byways of human existence. The hearthstone knows him, the market places fear him, and all the avenues of the world's activities tremble in his ominous presence. Nor peasant, nor prince, nor potentate, nor the exalted of the earth, dare say him nay. He is the inevitable. He is the unexplainable. He is mystery incarnate. He comes into hearts which today are filled with the sweet incense of joy and gladness and leaves on the morrow the laden ashes of sorrow and bereavement. And into bosoms where yesterday grew the roses of happiness and the lilies of content, today are filled with the thorns of anguish and the thistles of grief. And all the philosophies of the world cannot stifle grief, and even Reason, with its subtle palliatives cannot soothe a broken heart.

Yet there is consolation. For, over yonder, where love is as chaste as the soul of an angel and mercy is sweeter than the breath of the celestial morning, we indulge the fond conviction that he, whose mortal remains lie among us, has won his last case before the arbitrament of the Bar of God.

J. M. ROBERTSON
P. D. BLACK
B. B. GOLDEN
F. D. SAMPSON
S. B. DISMAN SR.
H. C. FAULKNER

Committee on Resolutions

New Graded School Building

Last Friday was the date set for taking the vote as to whether or not bonds to the amount of \$16,000 should be issued for the purpose of erecting a new graded school building and the count stood 182 for and 70 against the issuing of the bonds. Thus we are assured within a few months of having not only a comfortable building in which the children can attend, in winter as well as summer, but also one of the nicest and most up-to-date buildings in this section of the State.

During the past few days many children were kept away from the school on account of the extreme cold weather, rather than risk the chances of pneumonia. This is indeed a poor state of affairs in Barbourville, who prides herself upon being an educational center, and it is to be hoped the erection of the new building will be pushed along.

Peonage Cases

This week there are being tried in the Federal Court at London, cases that are very unusual, and are creating interest over the entire State. A number of railroad contractors have been indicted for peonage, and a large number of witnesses, mostly negroes, have testified that they were detained by armed guards and forced to work out their transportation which had been promised them free, and a deputy sheriff has testified that he received \$5 each for every man who tried to escape and was captured by him.

A large number of prominent men will be put on by the defense and the trial will probably not be closed before next week.

G. Brittain Lytle, a former resident of Barbourville, who has been located in Chicago for some time where he has had a class in languages, has returned to this city for a visit of a few weeks.

CHANGED AGAIN

New Leader this Week in Piano Contest,--Changes All Way 'Round

We told you so. All along we have been preaching on the uncertainties of this contest as to who would be in the lead. Again we have a new leader this week in Mrs. Bettie Golden. From fourth place last week with 14,000 she has taken the lead this week with 22,000 and some more, while Miss Linda Lawson, who was first last week, is a close second with 21,000 in round numbers. Mabel Matthews refuses to be left and is third with 19,000. Then comes Maggie Terrell with 18,190. Not only these but all the contestants have made good gains.

Judging from the biggest increase, Mrs. Lou Webb is undoubtedly entitled to the honors. Entering the contest only two weeks ago with 2,000 votes, this week she stands fifth with 18,250. Some increase, that?

You just can't always tell, for they are all so closely bunched that the last one in the list may be at the top next week.

Don't be a quitter just because someone has passed you this week. \$400 pianos are not given away every week and they are worth the effort. There are now seventy-one candidates in the contest and they all want that piano, so do not think you can sit down and fold your hands and let the people will just naturally help you. They might if there was no one else out hustling, but they do not do it in this contest.

During the past week the weather has been too bad to permit of much traveling around after subscriptions, but just watch when the thaw comes.

List of Candidates

Betty Golden 22861
Linda Lawson 21808
Mabel Matthews 19469
Maggie Terrell 18190
Mrs. Lou Webb 18150
Sarah J. Fuson 17990
Laura Hays 17314
Elva Jackson 17250
Nan Logan 17190
Naomi Tuttle 17176
Bertha Lane 18195
Clara Lambdin 18140

Jess Ballard 16890
Dorothy Miller 16925
Gladys Stelle 16950
Kitty Carnes 14110
Bertha Hall 13810
Florence Shelton 14126
Bess Sawyer 11190
Nannie V. Soward 16885
Nila Parker 10840
Cleo Howard 14985
Francis Farmer 12850
M. E. S. S. North 15148
Louise Hyden 11160
Lutie Lockhart 18150
Mary Gilbert 18808
Elsie Wilson 18154
Myrtle Mitchell 14825
Jess Davis 16950
M. E. S. S. South 18126
Gladys Stratton 9840
Julia Smith 12990
Maud Elliot 10590
Allen Heaton 15195
Tiey Miles 14140
Evelyn Black 11870
Jewel Tye 14142
Mary McDermott 14651
Cleo Jones 10165
Beatrice Croley 12120
Hilda Fisher 15840
Ethel Owens 18425
Alice Arnett 8943
Lillie Williams 12050
Evelyn McClung 11775
Della Bishop 9985
Mary Berry 11820
Lou Faulkner 11815
Ida Faulkner 12930
Daisy Herd 9805
Bulah May 13190
Mary Saylor 10855
Bonnie Tye 8790
Pauline Blackburn 11435
Florence B. Norman 10190
Nora Henson 12935
Nelle Root 8950
Daisy Robison 18115
Roberta Cole 9850
Maud Cole 6165
Mattie Lawson 16905
Mattie Shelton 9195
Pearl Bullock 8610
Emma Morris 16965
Ortie Adams 10885
Margaret Helton 16180
Lenora Lewis 8965
Luella Woodson 16140
Mollie Gibson 7980
Minnie Llewallen 9850

Judge F. D. Sampson and Sawyer A. Smith Honored

This week an invitation was received by Judge F. D. Sampson and Sawyer A. Smith to attend the annual meeting of the Alumni of the Law Department of Valparaiso University, and one of them deliver the annual address before that body. Judge Sampson received a special invitation to attend the banquet and act as toast-master. This meeting does not come up until the last of this month, and they will probably both attend.

WANTS TAX ON COAL MINED IN KENTUCKY

Senator L. W. Arnet Introduced Bill in the Senate at Frankfort to that Effect

Bill Only Applies to Coal that is Shipped, and Not that Consumed at Mines

State Senator L. W. Arnet has introduced before the Senate a bill placing a tax of one cent a ton on all coal mined in Kentucky. Following is a statement given out by Mr. Arnett relative to the position he takes in introducing the bill:

Under present conditions the revenues of the State are not sufficient to defray the expenses of government and provide for necessary improvements along many lines. Within the last six years hundreds of thousands of dollars have been appropriated for the new capitol, for better schools, Normal Schools to train teachers, to establish and maintain a State University, for a State Fair, for the Schools of the blind and for the Deaf and Dumb, for the children's home, for the Confederate Soldiers' home, for a Tuberculosis Sanitarium, for additional support of the State Board of Health, for Farmers' Institutes in all the counties, for improvements of the Asylums and Penitentiaries, for the houses of reform, for Factory Inspectors, for additional Mine Inspectors, for the purpose of life saving apparatus for use in case of mine disasters, and for numerous other worthy and proper purposes. To meet these new and ever increasing expenses, the assessed valuation of property in the several counties has been increased year after year. The same class of taxpayers have had to bear the burden, growing heavier year by year. Many bills are now pending proposing to spend money. This is the only one that will produce any considerable revenue, without raising the tax rate on property that already bears its share of the burden. This is a new and heretofore untaxed source from which to derive needed revenues.

No single industry has grown so rapidly, and none is destined to become so great in this State as mining. The vast deposits of coal in eastern Kentucky, and in a few western counties are sources of incalculable wealth. About 15,000,000 tons of Kentucky coal is mined annually. Three-fourths of it is shipped out of the State. In five years this vast tonnage of output will be doubled, and will continue to increase for many years. Thousands of dollars' worth of coal is taken from a single acre of land. Yet the surface, on which taxes are paid, is assessed at \$3.00, \$6.00, or \$10.00 an acre. The poor fellow on top pays the taxes; the speculator, or operator, who bought or leased the coal underneath, generally for a mere song, gets rich without paying any tax on the coal mined and sold.

The very nature of the mining industry, and of mineral lands, makes it necessary to tax them differently from other property. The assessor can not fix a value upon unmined coal. In fact it has no value until it is brought to the surface, and becomes a commercial commodity. Then it at once vanishes, in transit to the markets of the world to be exchanged for dollars. It entirely escapes taxation. I propose to tax this coal one cent a ton, one twentieth of a cent a bushel, to be paid after it is mined and sold. So long

as it lies in the ground, it pays no tax. When it has been turned into money, this one small tax can be paid without hardship, or at any rate without injustice.

Farmers, business men, and citizens of all avocations bear their burdens of taxation. Year after year their taxes are paid on the same property, regardless of whether drought, famine, or catastrophe prevent profits.

The capital invested in coal mines in Kentucky is to a great extent owned by residents of other States. They make their money here and spend it elsewhere. They have escaped taxation. Possibly they may oppose the passage of this measure. I believe, however, that Kentuckians who have invested in coal mines will have civic pride enough to be willing to pay this small tax and thereby help to make Kentucky grow greater as they grow richer off of the industry which the State spends thousands of dollars to foster, to protect, and to make profitable. Coal once taken from the earth can never be replenished. Deprived of its coal, that land will never again produce such wealth. Surely he who got the benefits, and exhausted the product, should pay a tax commensurate with those benefits."

Senate Bill Number 125.

L. W. Arnett introduced the following bill, which was read the first time and ordered to be printed: An act fixing a license tax on the mining of coal in this Commonwealth. "Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky: Every person, firm, association or corporation engaged in the business of mining coal in this Commonwealth for sale shall pay into the treasury of the commonwealth an annual license tax of one cent on each ton of coal so mined. On or before the tenth day of January each year, each person, firm, association or corporation engaged in the mining of coal shall make and file with the Auditor of State a sworn report of the total number of tons of coal mined by him for them during the calendar year ending December thirty-first last past, and said sworn report shall name and designate the mine or mines from which said coal was mined. Such person, firm, association or corporation shall, at the time of filing said sworn report, pay to the Auditor of the State the amount of said tax, as herein provided, and the Auditor shall cover the same into the treasury of the Commonwealth. Any person, firm, association or corporation that shall fail or refuse to make and file with the Auditor the sworn report herein required by the time specified, or who shall fail or refuse to pay the license tax herein provided for at the time designated shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction in the Franklin Circuit Court shall be fined five hundred dollars for each day of such delinquency, but such fine shall not abate the said license tax or any part thereof and the Auditor shall proceed to collect such taxes in the same manner as is provided by law for the collection of other delinquent taxes.

Snow-Cold-Blizzard

Last Wednesday was the most disagreeable day of the year. Early in the morning a light snow began to fall and a cold wind accompanied it and the temperature continued to drop rapidly until night, when a regular blizzard was raging and before morning the thermometer stood at zero. This was hardly the coldest day of the year but was by far the most disagreeable.

The First National Bank of Barbourville is one of the DEPOSITORIES for the money of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT :

This ought to mean something to the man or woman who thinks. "Uncle Sam" deposits his money in the safest and BEST NATIONAL BANKS :

If the First National Bank is a safe place to keep "Uncle Sam's" money, don't you think it a good place to keep your money? :

THIS BANK PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Barbourville, Kentucky

Among some of the bills introduced in the Senate and House since the beginning of the present session, by our representatives and the representative of our neighboring county are the following: A bill by State Senator Brock from Harlan County, making it a fine of from \$10.00 to \$100.00 and imprisonment of from ten days to one year for any one found guilty of starting untrue slanderous stories which injure any one's reputation. This bill, should it become a law, will be one of the best laws passed in recent years and will affect more people. Heretofore there has only been a law whereby anyone convicted of such offense is liable for damages for slander but the trouble was there were so many people who were the worst offenders that a judgment would have been worthless against should the courts have awarded such. This law will reach all alike, and it is to be hoped that the bill will pass and speedily become a law.

Another good bill that has been introduced was that by Senator Bosworth which makes it a misdemeanor for any one to disturb another by the flourishing of firearms on the public highways. We have a law against carrying concealed weapons and also one against the shooting off of firearms on the public highways, but at present there is nothing to hinder anyone so minded from flourishing a pistol and creating as much excitement as he wishes so long as he does not conceal it or discharge it. Let us have this law passed and enforced, and we will add one more step forward in our advance toward a higher civilization.

Representative Parker, of our own district wishes to have a law passed preventing persons under the age of 16 years from using tobacco in any form. At first glance this may seem to be taking away personal privileges but after giving it a little thought it will be seen that with such a law and that strictly enforced, it would be a great thing for the boys who just naturally take to the use of tobacco, and do not know that when the habit is acquired while young that it is only a very, very small percent that ever break the habit. This may, or may not, become a law, but it is a good bill, and although it may sound a little on the extreme, it can be seen that its intentions are good.

If Mr. Powers will fill the streams of our District with fish, as he proposes to do, it will be a great thing for our people.

We understand that Mr. W. H. Green, Barbourville, Ky., has been sent the application blank for the fish to be sent to this county and he will doubtless be the one who will receive the fish at the county seat. Citizens throughout the county who are interested in having fish in all the streams should see him and make arrangements to get a sufficient quantity to supply every stream in the county.

The fiscal court of this county ought to meet at once and make such appropriation as not only to get the fish from the railroad station to the county seat but also to have them distributed and placed in the various streams throughout the whole county.

ROYAL

BAKING-POWDER

Absolutely Pure

MAKES HOME BAKING EASY

Light Biscuit
Delicious Cake
Dainty Pastries
Fine Puddings
Flaky Crusts

The only Baking Powder made
from Royal Crapo Cream of Tartar

OBITUARY

Barton Moore was born near Gray's in the section of Knox County known as Lynn Camp. D. 1822; and died at his residence on depot street in Barbourville February 2nd 1912, Friday 7:00 a. m. at the ripe old age of 89 years and two months.

The day following Christmas Uncle Bart took to his bed and has failed continually until the end came. Though borne down by the weight of his many years, his strong constitution resisted the encroaching disease, but finally death was the victor, and the strong rugged soul was released taking its flight to the realms beyond.

Uncle Bart has been a familiar figure in the community for many years. His long white beard and rugged character impressed him upon most every one whom he met. His has been a wide acquaintance. He belonged almost to another day in that he had attained such great age.

He was a farmer and mechanic. Though in the latter he excelled his competitors and the farm he owned a good farm, yet he has never made what the world terms a great financial success. He was known for his honesty and integrity. The chief heritage that he leaves those that mourn his death is that of a Christian Character.

Uncle Bart was a member of the Christian Church, having united with the church more than 60 years ago. He was loyal to the church and unwavering in his performance of his Christian duty as he understood it. Even during his declining days when scarcely able to get to the church yet he was found in his chair. The life he has lived and his devotion to duty has been an inspiration to many.

He was married twice, the first wife being Mary Logan who died in 1869. His second wife who survives him was Mollie Vaughn. Of the ten children given to the two marriages but six survive the father, five of whom were present at the funeral services.

Uncle Bart not only enlisted in the army of King Jesus but also answered the call of his country during the Civil War. He was a member of Co. B. 49th Ky. Infantry and held the position of sergeant. He was a member of John G. Eve Post Grand Army of the Republic, members of which attended the funeral services to do honor to a fallen comrade. The funeral services were held from the Christian Church Sunday February 4th 1:00 p. m. Rev. L. E. Reed his former pastor assisted by Rev. Brown of the Presbyterian Church conducted the services. Interment was made in Barbourville Cemetery.

Ever the words of the Sainted Paul were fit for application to a life, it would seem that in his eyes they are. Then let us say, "He has fought a good fight; he has kept the

faith; he has finished his course; henceforth there is a crown of righteousness laid up for him, and not only for him, but all those who love the Lord and his appearing"

R. C. M.

Dr. J. S. Lock has just returned from Frankfort, where he has had the opportunity of seeing the Legislature in session. He told the Advocate man that he had the opportunity of seeing both Senator Bosworth and Representative Parker in their respective houses and before committees and that they are both very popular and taking a leading part. While both belong to the minority, they are popular with everybody, take a broad view of non-political questions before them, and are trying to make Kentucky a better State. Dr. Lock says the general impression at Frankfort is that this is the best Legislature ever assembled there, and that no county has better nor more influential men in it than has Knox County.

Rules Governing the Contest

Rule 1.—This contest is open to any lady, child, church, Sunday school or lodge, and will run approximately six months.

Rule 2.—The votes will be counted every Wednesday evening at six o'clock by a disinterested committee appointed by the contest managers; and the results published in the Mountain Advocate the same week.

Rule 3.—No employee of the Parker Mercantile Co., or the Mountain Advocate will be allowed to enter in this contest.

Rule 4.—Any candidate whose vote fails to increase in two weeks at any time will be dropped from the contest and their votes thrown out and not allowed to count for any one.

Rule 5.—No votes will be allowed to be solicited by any candidate or any of their friends inside the store of the Parker Mercantile Co.

Rule 6.—Votes will be given on all purchases amounting to 25 cents and upwards at the rate of one vote for each one cent of purchase, or 1100 votes for each \$10 purchase; or 1000 votes for each \$1.00 paid either on back subscription, renewal or paid in advance subscription to the Mountain Advocate. Or 200 votes for each one dollar paid on an account, made at the Parker Mercantile Co., prior to January 1st, 1912.

Rule 7.—All votes must be deposited in the presence of one of the contest managers, and must be voted upon a ballot furnished for that purpose alone and countersigned by a representative of the Parker Mercantile Co., or Chas. D. Cole, as editor of the

By virtue of State, county and school taxes due the State of Kentucky and the county of Knox for 1911, I will on Monday, Feb. 20, 1912 at 1 o'clock p. m., it being a regular county court day, at the front door of the court house in Barbourville, Ky., will offer for sale for cash in hand to the highest and best bidder the following described property, to-wit:

DISTRICT NO. 1			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
Brooks Emma	1-4 acre land	John Arthur	\$1.88
Baker Dave	20 "	L. G. Morris	3.69
Ensley Will	1-2 "	Jas. Terrell	4.95
Honeycut David	12 "	John Grindstaff	9.15
Hopper Mrs. Jane	3 "	Lewis Pope	1.45
Jones Ben & wife	16 "	Will parrot	10.42
Bev Love	1 "	James Love	6.01
Lockard John T.	3-4 "	Geo. Jackson	3.70
Sutton Daniel	1 1-4 "	Margaret Hall	5.53
Miller M. P.	1 lot in B'ville		3.23

DISTRICT NO. 2			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
Baker Calvin	9-10 "	Artemus	5.13
Mahan John	10 "	Louisville Property Co.	3.82
Myrick Laura	6 1-2 "	George Jenkins	5.01
Myrick Axie	20 "	A. V. Orick	3.69
Smith Finley	2 "	Jas. Goodin	3.15
West Bettie "Hues"	75 "		13.07

DISTRICT NO. 3			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
Brewer B. M.	60 "	John Carnes	12.00
Brown Gilbert	15 "	Henry Butnett	4.88
Bingham Caloway	1-2 "	Vina Baker	6.50
Gray James Sr.	40 "	Pal Carnes	6.50
Goodin Robert	2 1-2 "	Wm. Smith	17.76
Howard Margaret	1 "	Alex Walker	5.71
Lester Laura	40 "	J. N. Lester	9.88
Murphy Sally	1 "	James Warren	2.35
" Ida	1 "	Dan Slusher	2.35
Mills George	3 "	Flem C. rnes	4.15
Tom Pogue	1 "	B. J. Stacy	4.47
Poe Andy	1-4 "	Jane Baker	4.47
Spurlock P. W.	75 "	James Walker	7.15
" W. P.	1 1-4 "	Thoms Dozier	6.49
Walker Mary J.	4 "	Sam Brewer	3.68
" Sarah	1 3-4 "	Bill Bingham	3.09

DISTRICT NO. 4			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
Baker John	90 "	Thos. Hubbard	23.92
Brown George	50 "	Silas Brown	4.47
" Gus	15 "	Geo. Brown	5.21
Carnes William	10 "	Allen Grub	3.81
Gray Gilbert	105 "	Jas. Taylor	9.97
" Spencer	75 "	Jas. Smith	8.58
Grubb Mary	1 "	Wade Smith	2.40
Taylor George	100 "	Jno. H. Mills	5.80

DISTRICT NO. 5			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
Abner Mary J.	100 "	Sam Cobb	7.43
Dugger Adolphus	50 "		5.81

CORBIN DISTRICT			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
Mocre L.	1 "	Donie Martin	1.63
Offutt Sarah	4 "	P. M. Lambert	23.89
Taylor Martha M.	1 "	C. Parrot	1.42

DISTRICT NO. 6			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
Bryant Annie	7 "	Galvin Rains	5.03
Barton Joseph	1 1-4 "	Henry Petry	4.47
" Jas. C.	113 1-4 "	Thos. Helton	4.47
Baker E. L.	2 "	Frank Hart	3.72
Engle Nannie	33 "	Jno. B. Engle	2.36
Gibson Creacy	1 1-2 "	Joe Mahan	2.70
Hart J. F.	2 "	John Engle	3.68
Humble W. H.	3 "	Fred Bradford	4.47
Irvin Thos. D.	5 "	Jess Irvin	7.04
" J. A.	1 "	Thos. Irvin	7.04
Mitchell Mary	40 "	Ellen Mitchell	5.93
" Alex Heus	60 "	Mary A.	9.87
Monhal & Sealbery	1 town lot	Wm. Hutton	5.52
Olsen Jennie	1 1-4 "	Bl' Bennett	4.78
Peace Mary	1 town lot	Leroy Peace	2.63
Reynolds Harve	10 acres land	U. G. Martin	3.82
Sprinkles Daniel	1-4 "	Chas. Bether	5.24
Thomas W. H.	8 "	J. A. Moore	5.92

WILTON DISTRICT			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
McVey George	4 "	Jas. Helton	3.97

DISTRICT NO. 7			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
Buchanan Bill	60 acres land	Joe Mackey	13.80
Lowe W. W.	20 "	Abner Lowe	4.47
Medlin Wiley	2 "	Jas. Helton	3.82

DISTRICT NO. 8			
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST
Campbell Jno. Y.	100 acres land	Wiley Hughes	12.34
Logan Blake	14 "	Dave Main	7.02

S. H. JONES, Sheriff.

Mountain Advocate.

Rule 8.—All votes must be deposited at the time of purchase and must remain in the possession of the Parker Mercantile Co. until the contest closes, and no votes will be allowed to be transferred from a retiring candidate to any other contestant or any one.

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PATENTS

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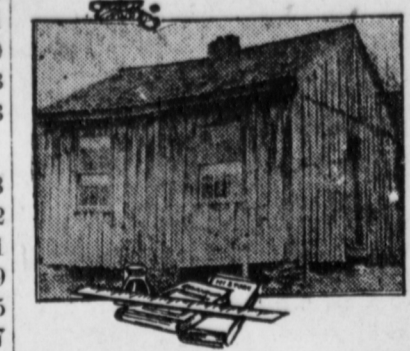
THE WHITE SCHOOL.

It Looked Like the Negro School, but This Was a Mistake.

During one of my drives of exploration I passed a school in Spencer county, about thirty-five miles east of Louisville. At first sight I was sure I had stumbled upon a typical negro school, but as I went about the yard with my camera a farmer who lived near by came over to see what I was doing.

"How long has this colored school been here?" I asked.

"This is the white school, an' I don't know how long it's been built. All I know is that it wasn't noways new



THE ANCIENT WRECK WITH ITS SAGGING FLOOR.

when I moved into this neighborhood thirty years ago comin' May."

"When was it painted last?" "Painted?" He laughed good naturedly as he took a fresh chew of his twist. "Painted? Why it ain't never had no paint on it that I ever see or heard of."

I looked at the ancient wreck, with its sagging floor, its scattered rock about the door where there should have been a walk; then my glance fell upon a new, sturdy long distance telephone pole which stood close to one corner of the building. I walked up and, placing my hand against it, waited and fell to thinking. Suddenly the busy humming of the wires seemed to be whispering insistently to the broken house: "Wake up! Wake up! We are not asleep today! We are in the hurrying and scurrying twentieth century! Wake up and join the procession!"

On the far side of the school I stumbled upon some old fashioned hand-made desks and at once asked my farmer friends where they had come from.

"Why, they come out of the school there, of course. The children used 'em until this year, when they put in some new ones."

My next search was for the closets. I knew there was no coal house on the premises, for the old desks were piled



"THIS HERE IS A PAUPER SCHOOL."

upon the top of the winter's supply of coal. I was unable to find even the remains of any closet, so I again questioned my farmer friend.

"They ain't never had none since I been in the neighborhood!" "Haven't had any closets at all?" I exclaimed in amazement. "How can your teachers handle a school without closets?"

The man hesitated a moment, shifted his quid to the other side of his jaw and answered quietly:

"Gawd knows. I don't."

"How do you happen to have such a poor schoolhouse in this part of the county—the land looks pretty good?"

"You see, this here is a pauper school."

I pretended not to understand him fully, so I asked:

"My, that's too bad. I had no idea that the farmers up here on the headwaters of Salt river were so poor. You haven't even got a church in the neighborhood, then?"

"Oh, yes! We've got a mighty nice, brand new church a mile out the pike from here."

"State built that, too?" I suggested.

"Why, no; the folks all chipped in and built it," he explained carefully. "We ain't poor folks at all."

"Why couldn't you folks chip in and do something for this old tumbledown school?" I asked.

"We could have done it, couldn't we?" he exclaimed. "I reckon we just never thought about it that way."

Education Pays.

The state of Kansas, though less than sixty years old, has excellent schools, and her taxable property has increased at the rate of \$120,000,000 annually during the past ten years, a total increase of \$120,000,000 in a decade. This is twice the total assessment of Kentucky.

The valuation of real property in Kentucky is \$487,835,250. In Kansas the same class of property is valued at \$1,578,048,790.

The valuation of personal property in Kentucky was \$143,313,000, while in Kansas it was \$880,043,000.

The total assessed valuation in Kentucky was \$644,489,000 and in Kansas \$2,453,691,850.

The above figures are from the World Almanac for 1910.

L. & N. Time Card

North Bound		
No. 22 Daily, due	10:09 a. m.	
No. 12 " except Sunday	1:02 p. m.	
No. 24 Daily, due	11:24 p. m.	
South Bound		
No. 23 Daily, due	8:24 p. m.	
No. 11 " except Sunday	9:44 a. m.	
No. 21 Daily, due	8:45 a. m.	

Street car leaves Hotel Jones twenty minutes before the scheduled time for trains.

Church Directory

CUMBERLAND RIVER BAPTIST CHURCH
Every Sunday in each month.
Morning Service.....10:45 a. m.
Evening ".....7:30 p. m.
Sabbath School.....9:45 a. m.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday.....7:30 p. m.
REV. A. C. HUTSON, Pastor.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Every Sunday in each month.
Morning Service.....10:45 a. m.
Evening ".....7:30 p. m.
Sabbath School.....9:30 a. m.
P. M. Meeting, Thursday.....7:30 p. m.
M. B. C., 1st & 3rd, Mondays.....7:30 p. m.
REV. F. W. H. HOPKINS, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH SERVICES
Morning Service.....11:00 a. m.
Evening ".....7:30 p. m.
Sabbath School.....9:45 a. m.
Junior Endeavor.....1:30 p. m.
S. S. Workers' Conf., Tues.....7:00 p. m.
Prayer Meeting, Tuesday.....7:45 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH SERVICES
First and Third Sunday in each month.
Morning Service.....11:00 a. m.
Evening ".....7:30 p. m.
Sunday School.....9:45 a. m.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday.....7:30 p. m.
REV. ROBT. L. BROWN, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH
Second and Fourth Sunday in each month.
Morning Service.....11:00 a. m.
Evening ".....7:30 p. m.
Sabbath School.....9:45 a. m.

ST. GREGOR ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Mass and Sermon every First Sunday of the month, at 8:30 a. m.
Sermon and Evening Prayer, every Third Sunday of the month, at 7:30 p. m.
REV. P. AMBROSE REGER, O. S. B., Pastor, Corbin, Ky.

Professional Cards.

Powers & Smith
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT
LAW,
Barbourville, Kentucky.

J. M. ROBSON
LAWYER.
OFFICE: Over First National Bank
BARBOURVILLE, KY.

SOL T. STEELE
LAWYER
Office with Powers, Sampson and Smith
BARBOURVILLE, - - - KY.

A. L. PARKER
DENTIST
OFFICE: Up Stairs, in Parker Building.
BARBOURVILLE, KY.,
Phones: Office, 16.
Residence, 96.

For Sale

I have a farm within one half mile of the corporate limits of the city of Barbourville. 8 room frame dwelling. Good barn, good coal and some timber. Also one lot with 6 room cottage; 1 large store house—Large barn, good water, good walk on newly piked street. Water plug at gate; electric lights and gas. Also one 3 acre lot, high and dry on same street. One large lot on Main street. I will sell cheap for cash. If you wish a bargain, see me
W. H. McDonald,
Circuit Clerk's office

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M. SABEL & SONS
227-23-25 & 33 E. Market St. LOUISVILLE, KY.
Dealers in FURS, HIDES, WOOL.

LOCALS

Chas. Davis was in Grays Wednesday on business.

Ben Parker was in Frankfort the first of the week.

Lynn Golden, of Tejay, was here on business Wednesday.

Ino Parker made a business trip to Knoxville Wednesday.

Estil Everman, of Corbin, was a caller in this city Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Metcalfe, of Pineville, were in this city Tuesday.

N. J. Weller, of Pineville, was in this city the first of the week.

Dr. J. S. Lock accompanied his brother George to Corbin Wednesday on his return to Kansas City.

S. B. Dishman, Jr., was in Frankfort Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

R. C. Ford, of Middlesboro, was in this city on legal business last Friday.

Mrs. I. T. Catron, of Atlanta, Ga., was in this city the first of the week on account of the death of her father, Judge Jas. H. Tinsley.

John H. Byrley, of Atlanta, Ga., was in this city attending the funeral of Judge Jas. H. Tinsley Tuesday, returning home Wednesday.

Miss Lena Wilson, who has a position at Corbin as stenographer and book-keeper for the Standard Oil Co., was home Sunday.

Miss Lila Hays has accepted a position as stenographer of the Continental Coal Corporation at Pineville.

Robert C. Moore, editor of the Grundy County Gazette, of Spickard, Mo., who has been here for the past few weeks, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. John B. Eberlein of London, attended the funeral services of Judge James H. Tinsley Tuesday. She was the guest of Mrs. A. W. Hopper.

The M. B. C. Basket-ball team goes to Corbin Saturday to play St. John's team. It is only a short distance and a large number of rooters should accompany them.

G. W. Tye, the popular liveryman, is in London this week as a jurymen in the cases of the contractors indicted in the Federal Court for peonage, having been summoned there last week.

Rev. I. E. Reid, former pastor of the Christian Church of this place, but who is now at Middlesboro, conducted the funeral services of "Uncle" Barton Moore Sunday afternoon in this city.

Wednesday evening the class of expression, assisted by some of the music students, of Union College gave a recital commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens. The program was very entertaining and was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. James D. Black entertained the members of the Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church and their husbands at her home, on Friday Evening. A large crowd was present. Mrs. Hiram H. Owens, assisted Mrs. Black in serving delightful refreshments.

Miss Mattie Lilleston, head of the Music Department of Union College, received a message Monday of the death of her sister, Miss Anna Lilleston, at Kansas City, Mo., of heart failure. Miss Lilleston left Monday night for her home in Paris, to which place the remains were brought for interment.

George A. Lock, a native of Knox County, but who for the past few years has been located in Kansas City, was here for a few days this week on account of the death of his uncle, Judge James H. Tinsley. He has been connected with the insurance business in that city, at which he has made a success, and at a recent meeting of the Kansas City Underwriters Association he received the honor of being elected First Vice President. He returned home Wednesday afternoon.



The Concert Trio Company which will appear here Feb. 17th as one of the lyceum attractions, is one of the highest class musical attractions touring the country this season. The local club went to much trouble in securing the date for this city, as company has to make a long jump to reach here. Patrons may be assured of a very pleasant evening's entertainment. Do not forget the date—Saturday evening, February 17th at Union College Chapel. No advance in prices.

Firm Changes Hands

Mr. W. H. Detherage and L. M. Cole have been on a trade for several weeks past for the general merchandise store of the former, and on Thursday they began invoicing the stock of goods. Today they are still at it and it will probably be the last of the week before the transfer is made. Mr. Detherage has been in business in Babourville for more than two years and is considered a successful business man, while Mr. Cole was a member of the firm of Cole Hdw. & Gro. Co., which is now the Croley Hdw. & Gro. Co. Watch for the announcement next week.

Ice Plant to be Erected Here

Mr. Wilder, of Pineville, was in this city Thursday and purchased a lot on Allison avenue near the planing mill, from John A. Black, upon which he and other Pineville gentlemen will erect a modern ice plant. The work on the plant will begin at once and rushed to completion.

LOST somewhere between depot and the brick yard on the railroad, one lady's hand bag containing one lower set teeth. Finder return to Dizney's barber shop and receive reward.

Lost a button—Miss Elsie Wilson lost a large cloth covered button Tuesday which if found, she would be glad to have returned.

Saturday afternoon at 2:30 The Parker Mercantile Company will give to one of their customers a beautiful gold watch if you had better be present. Or you forfeit the watch.

Indian Creek Clippings

W. H. Campbell made a business trip to Wilton, the first of the week. —Mr. and Mrs. Neal Moore, of Corbin, were the guests of Mrs. Moore's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Reese a few days last week. —Misses Lizzie Cooper and Lidia Engle were pleasant guests of Miss Emma Cooper, Sunday. —J. M. Helton, was a guest of A. B. Helton, Saturday night. —Arthur Williams, of Indian Gap, was a guest of A. C. Cooper, Sunday. —Mrs. John A. Campbell was a visitor of her daughter Mrs. G. M. Cooper, Monday. —Mr. Levi Campbell and daughters Francis and Salle, of Lindsay, passed through here Wednesday enroute to Wilton. Joseph Foley left Sunday for Whitley, Co., where he has a position for the next ten days as teaching a singing school. —Messdames Reese and Brown, were guests of Mrs. Laura Campbell Tuesday afternoon. —James Helton, was the guest of M. B. Cooper, Sunday.

WANTED TO BUY Coal Mine Coal Land Or Lease

Must be a first class proposition and a BARGAIN
Address, Coal Land, care Appalachian Trade Journal, Knoxville, Tenn.



Too Cold to Fence

Don't try to build a fence during this kind of weather. Let it go until it gets warmer. But, when you do get ready, buy your fencing materials from Robt. W. Cole, agent for the Stewart Iron Works, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Esom Smith was in Wilton Monday on business. —Mrs. M. B. Cooper, was a guest of Mrs. G. M. Cooper, Friday. —W. O. Reese, was a guest of S. C. Smith, Tuesday. —Otto Walters, was a guest of Ada Cooper, Sunday.

Rose bud.

Bailey's Switch Sayings

Rev. Lanom filed his regular appointment at Emanuel and McClellans Saturday night and Sunday. —R. E. Jackson, was in Barbourville, Monday on business. —Mary Childers, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Childers is very low with typhoid fever at this writing. —J. H. Young, of Barbourville, called on Miss Ora Jackson Sunday last. —Mrs. Jennie Turner and children were the guests of Mrs. V. D. Jackson who has been on the sick list the past few days, but is improving at this writing. —Mrs. William Lawson who has been very low with typhoid fever is improving very slowly. —Mrs. R. E. Jackson attended church at McClellans Sunday. —Black-eyes.

BOOKKEEPING
Business, Phonography
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TELEGRAPHY
WILBUR R. SMITH BUSINESS COLLEGE
Inc. and Successor, Commercial College Ky., Louisville.
Its President has years of experience in mercantile and banking business, also 22 years educating 10,000 young men and women for success. Enter now.
Miss WILBUR R. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.

SAVING THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mrs. Booker T. Washington says that the idea of the juvenile court grows very slowly in the south. She says that boys and girls are sent to prison for slight offenses and there associating with older prisoners learn much evil. Local colored women's clubs in Alabama have taken the matter up, she says, and have succeeded in establishing reformatories where bad boys and girls may be taught as well as punished. The governor of the state found the reformatory of so much good that he took charge of it. In Pennsylvania, Arkansas and Kentucky colored women's clubs have worked along the same lines.

POPULAR GERMAN PRINCESS.

The most talked of princess in the German emperor's household is Princess Eitel Frederick, the wife of the second son. She is a very charming woman and the kaiser is quite fond of her, his only regret being that his son has no children. The wife of the oldest son, heir to the throne, is the mother of three children, which pleases the kaiser.

A GUARANTEE.

"Why are women so ready to marry in the army and navy?"
"Perhaps because they want a uniform affection."

D. C. Payne

Optician and Jeweler
35 YEAR'S EXPERIENCE
Complete Stock of Jewelry of all Kinds, and Musical Instruments. Orders taken for Engraving. Give me a call.—All Work Guaranteed.
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CORN, HAY, OATS AND OTHER STOCK FEED.
Nice Rigs, Fat Horses.

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Near Hotel Jones
If you want a good, clean shave, a neat hair cut or a shampoo, you will find no better place in town
Give them a call
Dizney & Wilson, Props.

The Temple Combination Power and Pumping Engine.

Design of the Temple
The "Temple" single cylinder engine is as well known in the illustration, of the inverted upright type, which secures a light, two-chambered cylinder, and a sturdy and durable design, with the heavy bars necessary in horizontal engines; and it secures the advantage of lubrication forced gravity, instead of against gravity, as the case in all other types. Perfectly balanced, and the most important asset is the durability and long life, and the dependability of a gas engine, and should be fully understood. Hopper cooled. Bearings removable. Covers on can shaft. Note simplicity of construction.
Adapted for operating saws, pumps, or every variety and description. Send for circular and price list. Manufactured by
THE TEMPLE PUMP CO., Chicago, Ill.
In business 25 years.

The Myers Patent Mop Wringer

This Mop Wringer is the only machine ever invented that will wring and clean a mop thoroughly. It not only takes out the dirt and leaves the mop clean, but it wrings it so dry that there is hardly any moisture left in the mop. The floor is never left streaked, as you are always using a clean mop. The machine is very simple to operate and requires no skill, as anybody can use it, man, woman or child. It is a labor saver, as one person will do the work quicker and better than three with any other device known. The mop sets on the platform, and is not attached to the machine and can be moved at any time. It is always ready for use and there are no parts to get out of order. A trial of our machine will convince you that its work is perfect. We have yet to find a dissatisfied customer.
If your dealer does not handle this Mop Wringer, write direct to us.
MYERS WRINGER CO., Manuf'rs, Mohawk, N. Y.

The Pool of Flame

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

Copyright 1909, by Louis Joseph Vance
SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens at Monte Carlo, where O'Rourke, a military free lance and something of a gambler, is dressing for appearance in the restaurant below when the French of a girl's voice singing attracts his attention. Leaning out on the balcony, he sees a beautiful girl who suddenly appears. He rushes to the corridor to see a neatly gowned form enter the elevator and pass from sight.

CHAPTER II.—O'Rourke's mind is filled with thoughts of the girl, and when he goes to the gaming table he allows his remarkable winnings to accumulate indifferently. He notices two men watching him. One is the Hon. Bertie Glynn, while his companion is Viscount Des Trebes, a noted duelist. When O'Rourke leaves the table the viscount tells him he represents the French government and that he has been directed to O'Rourke as a man who would undertake a secret mission.

CHAPTER III.—At his room O'Rourke, who had agreed to undertake the mission, awaits the viscount. O'Rourke finds a mysterious letter in his apartment. The viscount arrives, hands a sealed package to O'Rourke, who is not to open it until on the ocean. He says the French government will pay O'Rourke 25,000 francs for his services. A pair of dainty slippers are seen protruding from under a doorway curtain and the viscount charges O'Rourke with having a spy secreted there.

CHAPTER IV.—When the Irishman goes to his room he finds there the owner of the mysterious letter. It is his wife, Beatrix, from whom he had run away a year previous. They are reconciled, and opening the letter he had received he finds that a law firm in Rangoon, India, offers him 10,000 pounds for an Indian Jew known as the Pool of Flame and left to him by a dying friend. O'Rourke tells his wife that it is in the keeping of a friend named Chambret in Algeria.

CHAPTER V.—O'Rourke is forced to fight a duel with the viscount. The arrogant nobleman is worsted in the combat and acts the poltroon.

CHAPTER VI.—The loyal wife bids O'Rourke farewell and he promises to soon return with the reward offered for the Pool of Flame. He discovers both Glynn and the viscount on board the ship which takes him to Algeria.

CHAPTER VII.—Chambret has left Algeria and O'Rourke has to gain a military detachment going across the desert to reach his friend. As he finds the latter there is an attack by bandits and Chambret is shot.

CHAPTER VIII.—Chambret dies telling O'Rourke that he has left the Pool of Flame with the governor general of Algeria. He gives the colonel a signet and at the sight of which he says the official will deliver over the jewel.

CHAPTER IX.—O'Rourke is attacked by Glynn and the viscount who ransack his luggage, but he worsts them in the conflict.

CHAPTER X.—When he arrives at Algeria the Irishman finds the governor general away. He receives a note from Des Trebes making a mysterious appointment.

CHAPTER XI.—The viscount tells O'Rourke that he has gained possession of the jewel by stealing it from the safe of the governor general. He does not, however, know who has offered the reward for it. He suggests a duel with rapiers, the victor to get that information and the jewel.

CHAPTER XII.—In the duel O'Rourke masters his adversary and secures possession of the Pool of Flame.

CHAPTER XIII.—The efforts of O'Rourke are now directed toward speedily getting to Rangoon with the jewel and he starts by ship.

CHAPTER XIV.—He finds the captain of the vessel to be a smuggler who tries to steal the jewel from him.

Chance, too, would have it that there should be an arc-light ablaze precisely at the foot of the pier, beneath which stood, clearly defined in the white glare, the figure of a hulking black native representative of the municipal police, whom O'Rourke must pass ere he could gain solid earth.

For this reason he dared not betray evidences of haste; his appearance was striking enough in all conscience, without any additional touches. So he thrust his hands into his pockets and sauntered with a well-assumed but perhaps not wholly convincing air of nonchalance toward the officer.

The latter remained all unsuspecting until—and then the mischief of it was that O'Rourke was still a full five yards the wrong side of the man—Hole himself leaped from the boat upon the end of the quay and sent a yell echoing after the fugitive.

"Hey!" he roared. "Stop 'im! Deserter! Thief! Stop thief!"

The black was facing O'Rourke in an instant, but simultaneously the Irishman was upon him and had put an elbow smartly into his midriff in passing, all but toppling the man backwards into the harbor.

It had been well for him had he succeeded. As it was the fellow saved himself by a hair's breadth and the next minute was after O'Rourke, yelling madly.

The Irishman showed a fleet pair of heels, be sure; but, undoubtedly, the devil himself was in the luck that night! Who shall describe in what manner a rabble springs out of the very cobbles of Alexandria's streets? Men, women, naked children and yapping pariah dogs, fellahs, Arabs, Bedouins from the desert, Nubians, Greeks, Levantines—the fugitive had not covered two-score yards ere a mob of such composition was snapping at his calves.

Turning and twisting, dodging and doubling, smiting this gratuitous enemy full in the face, treating the next as he had the limb of the law (and leaving both howling), he seized the first opening and swung into a narrow

back-way, leading inland from the waterfront.

He ran as seldom he had run before, straining and laboring, stumbling, recovering and plunging onward. And, by the gods, wasn't it hot! The khamsin raved and tore like a spirit of hell-fire through that narrow alley, turning it into a miniature inferno.

But in the course of some minutes, the end of the tunnel came in view; a lighted rift between house walls, giving upon the illuminated street beyond. The sight brought forth a fresh burst of speed from O'Rourke. He dashed madly out of the alley, stumbled and ran headlong into a strolling Greek, who grappled with him, at first in surprise and then in resentment, while the clamor of the pursuing rabble shrilled loud and near and ever nearer.

Exhausted as he was, the Irishman struggled with little skill before he mastered his own surprise; and in the end saw his fists written along the blade of a thin, keen knife which the Greek had whipped from the folds of his garments and jerked threateningly above his head.

It was falling when O'Rourke saw it. In another breath he had been stabbed. Unexpectedly the Greek shrieked, dropped the knife as though it had turned suddenly white-hot in his hands, and leaped back from O'Rourke, nursing a broken wrist; while a voice as sweet as the singing of angels rang in the fugitive's ears, though the spirit of its melody was simple and crude enough.

"O'Rourke, be all th' powers! The master himself! Glory, ye beggar, 'tis sorry I am that I didn't split the ugly face of ye wid me stick! . . . This way, yer honor! Come wid me!"

Blindly enough (indeed the world was all awhirl about him) O'Rourke, his arm grasped by a strong and confident hand, permitted himself to be swung to the right and across the street. In a thought blackness again was all about him, but the hand gripped his arm, hurrying him onward; and he yielded blindly to its guidance—without power, for that matter, to question or to object; what breath he had he sorely needed. And as blindly he stumbled on for perhaps another hundred yards, while the voice of the rabble made hideous the night behind them. Hardly, indeed, had the two whipped into the mouth of the back-way ere it was choked by a swarm of pursuers. But—"Niver fear!" said the voice at his side. "Tis ourselves that'll outwit them. . . . Here, now, yer honor, do ye go straight on widout stoppin' until ye come to an iron dore in a dead wall at the end av this. Knock there, wane, count tin, and knock again. I'll lead 'em away and be wid ye again in a brace av shakes!"

Benumbed by fatigue and exhaustion, O'Rourke obeyed. He was aware that his preserver with a wild whoop had darted aside into a cross-alley, but hardly aware of more. Mechanically he blundered on until brought up by a wall that closed and made a cul-de-sac of the way.

With trembling hands he felt before him, fingers encountering the smooth, cool surface of a sheet of metal. This, then, was the door. As carefully as he could he knocked, counted ten, and knocked again—while the mob that had lusted for his blood trailed off down the side alley in frantic pursuit of his generous preserver. And he heard with a smile, the latter's shrill defiant Irish yells luring them further upon the false scent.

"If 'tis not Danny," gasped the adventurer, "then myself's not the O'Rourke! Bless the lad!"

But as he breathed this benediction the iron door swung inward and he stumbled across the threshold, half-fainting, hardly conscious that he had done more than pass from open night to the night of an enclosed space. His foot caught on some obstruction and he went to his knees with a cry that was a cross between a sob and a groan; and incontinently fell full length upon an earthen floor, his head pillowed on his arm, panting as if his heart would break.

In the darkness above him someone cried aloud, a startled cry, and then the door was thrust to with a clang and rattle of bolts. A match rasped



Exhausted as He Was, the Irishman Struggled With Little Skill.

loudly and a flicker of light leaped from a small hand lamp and revealed to its bearer the fagged and quivering figure on the floor.

Some one sat down beside him with a low exclamation of solicitude and gathered his head into her lap. Some one quite simply extended his neck with soft arms and pressed his head to her bosom, and as if that were not enough, kissed him full and long upon his lips.

"My dear! My dear!" she murmured in French. "What has happened, O. What has happened? My poor, poor boy!"

Now the integral madness of all this was as effectual in restoring O'Rourke to partial consciousness as had been a douche of cold water in his face. Blankly he told himself that he was damned, and that it was all a dream. And yet, when he looked, it was to see, dim in the feeble glimmer of the lamp, the face of a woman as beautiful as young, as young as beautiful.

One glance was enough. O'Rourke shut his eyes again. "If I look too long," he assured himself, "she'll vanish—or turn into a fiend. Sure, 'tis a judgment upon me! Too long have I been an amorous dram-drinker; this will undoubtedly be the delirium-tremens of love!"

And with that he passed quietly into temporary unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XV.

He opened his eyes again, alone on the cool, damp, earthen floor, but assured that the feminine element in his adventure had been no hallucination, after all; for he could see the girl standing a little to one side and looking down upon him, her face so deep in shadow that he could gather nothing from its expression, whether it were of displeasure or of perplexity. From this and that, however, he deduced that she, discovering herself lavishing endearments on the wrong man, was not utterly delighted with the situation. The circumstances taken into consideration, such a state of mind he thought not unreasonable; and being now to some extent recovered, he saw no profit in making her suffer more. So with a show of faintness not wholly assumed, he rolled his head to one side, opening wide his eyes and looked the woman in the face, inquiring with his faint, thin brogue: "What's this, now, me dear?"

The girl's face darkened. She shook her head impatiently. "I have no English," she told him in excellent French. "Who are you? Why do you come here? You are not Danny!"

"Ob!" commented O'Rourke knowingly, "and that's the explanation, is it?" He sat up, embracing his knees and drawing a rueful face. "Faith, me dear," he admitted, "I concede ye the best of the argument, thus far. I am not Danny—'tis true as Gospel."

She frowned. "Then what are you doing here, monsieur? How did you learn—who told you—the signal?"

"Faith, from no less a person than Danny Mahone himself. He showed me the way and bade me knock—but niver a word said he of yourself, me dear."

"Monsieur does not recall that I admitted him?" she persisted, but with a lightening face, "nor anything that happened thereafter?"

"Not the least in the world. What did happen, now?"

But she flanked that embarrassing question adroitly, evidently much relieved by O'Rourke's reassurance. Which was just what he wished her frame of mind to be. "Nothing that matters," she replied, continuing to employ the French tongue, and that very prettily, with a fetching little accent. "I think you fainted. Then—but you know my Danny?"

"Your Danny?" said O'Rourke, his mood quizzical. "None better, me dear. I've known him since he was so high, or thereabouts." And he held a palm some six inches or so above the floor.

"And he—he brought you here?"

"Who else? How else would I be knowing the signal? Ye see, there was a bit of a shindig down the street and me in the middle thereof and getting all the worst of it—if ye must know—when along comes Danny and lends me a hand and whips me off here and says he'll be back in a moment. He'll tell ye the details himself; but I—ye eyed her quizzically—"would now ask ye to overlook the unceremonious manner of me entrance and a certain lack of dignity as to me attire, which I beg ye to believe is not me ordinary evening dress, and—and faith! me throat is baked entirely, if me clothes are not. May I ask for a drink at mademoiselle's fair hands?"

He was on his feet now and enjoying the situation hugely. "And 'tis the Irish eye for beauty Danny has!" he told himself. "I commend his taste, the rogue!"

For the girl was exceedingly fair to see; slender and straight and girlish and sweet; a Greek, if he were to judge of her features and her dress, and in that odd light, with perturbation in her pose, a smile half-perplexed trembling on her lips (because of O'Rourke's conceit) and the shadow of anxiety clouding her eyes, she made a charming picture indeed.

She was quick to grant his request. "Danny will explain," she agreed with conviction. "This way, then, if you please, monsieur, and—as they passed through a low doorway—if you will have the patience to wait here, I will fetch wine."

She smiled enchantingly, dropped him a bewitching little courtesy with a deference evoked, no doubt, by the man's subtle yet ineradicable air of distinction, and left him wholly captivated. "Bless her heart and pretty face!" he murmured, eyeing her retreating figure. "Tis Danny who's the lucky dog. . . . Tis not that he's not deserving."

He reviewed his refuge summarily, discovering that he stood in one corner of a small courtyard, the center of a hollow cube of masonry; a dwelling of two stories, round whose upper floor ran an inner gallery to which steps led up from the court and from which access was to be had to the living rooms—all dark and silent.

In the center of the courtyard a little fountain tinkled, a tiny jet of water rising from the central upright

of stone to spray the black, star-spotted pool beneath. There was a little plot of grass, likewise, with flowers generous of their cordial perfume.

The girl came silently out from the shadows beneath the gallery, bringing him a cup and a jar of earthenware brimming with wine.

He accepted the service with a bow. "Mademoiselle is as kind as she is beautiful!" said he, and with the appreciation of a connoisseur first watched her blush, then drained the jug to its last drop and felt the grateful fluid grapple with his fatigue, temper it, and send new strength leaping through his veins. "And as good, I'm sure, as she is kind," he added; and "Ah!" he sighed, resuming his seat but rising again, and quickly, as a second summons clanged upon the iron door and sent the girl flying to wards the rear of the house.

"That will be Danny now," O'Rourke opined as she swept past him. She murmured a response he did not clearly catch. "What's that?" he called after her.

"Or, possibly," she repeated, pausing at the entrance to the rear chamber, "it may be Monsieur the Captain Hole!"

"The divvie!" cried O'Rourke, and was on his feet in a twinkling, casting about him for a weapon. "That can't be—"

Nothing offered itself suitable either for offense or defense, save and except the jug he had been drinking from, and the Irishman was weighing this thoughtfully with a definite intention of hurling it at Captain Hole's head, if indeed he had heard aright, when the entrance of quite another person relieved his mind, however temporarily.

It was Danny, plainly enough; Danny, the same as of old, with his half sheepish, half-impudent grin and his shock of flaming hair, his upper lip that was long even for an Irish boy's, his roving and twinkling blue eyes, his tip-tilted nose, his short, sturdy physique.

"Faith," said O'Rourke, "the gods are not so unkind after all! 'Tis as welcome as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, the sight of ye, Danny!" And "Danny!" he observed with some severity, "I'll ask ye to explain what the divvie at all ye're doing here."

Danny's assurance deserted him on the instant. He had done his former master a signal service that night, but in his estimation nothing more than was due the O'Rourke. Whatever he felt, he looked to perfection a boy caught at mischief—hanging his head and eyeing O'Rourke under his brows, shamefaced and ill at ease.

"Aw!" he deprecated, "sure, now, yer honor, now—"

"Danny," demanded O'Rourke sternly, "does Miss Cleopatra here understand English?"

"Divvie a word!" the ex-valet protested earnestly. "Beyond Greek and French and Arabic, sure, she's ignorant as Paddy's pig!"

So much was plainly evident from the girl's manner and expression of puzzlement. Reassured, O'Rourke proceeded:

"Tis good hearing, Faith, if she understood the King's English, 'tis me hair she would be tearing out by the roots in one minute. Danny, I gather that the lady is by way of liking ye more than ye deserve. Is it in love with ye she is?"

Danny stole a sidelong glance at the girl. "Begg'n' yer honor's pardon," he stammered, "and I believe she is that." "Umm!" snorted O'Rourke. "And what, if ye please, about poor Annie Bragin, at home? Is it marrying a Greek ye would be, and leaving poor Annie to cry her eyes out for ye, ye worthless scut?"

"Divvie a bit, respects to yer honor! Sure, 'tis only for amusement—" "And who may she be, that ye make so free to amuse yourself with her?" "The daughter av me partner, yer honor, Noccovic, the Greek tobacco merchant."

"This will be his house, then?"

"No, sir, but a—sort av a shothouse, in a way av speaking. 'Tis just 'round th' corner they do be livin' in a gran' foin' house, sir."

"Then what's the young lady doing here?"

"Waiting for me to take her place, sir. Noccovic is away and—and," in a blurted confession, "tis a bit of hashish smuggling we be doing on the side. The stuff is always brought here, sor; and tonight's the night a consignment's due."

"Ah-h!" observed O'Rourke darkly. One by one, it seemed, he was gathering the trumps again into his own hand. He resumed his catechism of the boy.

"Danny, is this the way a decent man should be behaving himself?" he browbeat him. "Is it your mother's son and the sweetheart of Annie Bragin that's become no more than an idle breaker of hearts? Danny, Danny, what would Father Malachi be saying if he could hear what ye've just told me? Whin, boy, did ye confess last?"

Danny cowered. "Aw, dear!" he whimpered. "Aw, dearie-dear! And meself meant no harm at all!"

"Thin take yer light-o-love home, Danny, and come back to me here at once with a change of clothes!"

"Yiss, yer honor. I'll do that, yer honor. But will ye bark for the signal at the door and let Cap'n Hole in?"

"It was true, then!"

"I will. But see that ye don't forget the change of clothes, Danny, and don't be lingering too long over your fond farewells with the lady, if ye're not looking for a hiding, and—Danny!"

"Yis, sor?"

"Have ye a revolver?"

"Here, sor."

"Give it here, and bring another

Alone, O'Rourke seated himself on the edge of the fountain and considered gravely the uncertainties of life. "Tis fate," he concluded soberly, at length. "And 'tis hard upon eleven now. They will not dare to run that cargo before midnight; and—meself sorely needs a bath."

Deliberately he stripped off rags and tatters and plunged into the fountain. Danny was back with the promised wearing apparel ere he had finished splashing.

And while O'Rourke dressed, and for long thereafter, the two sat and smoked and confabulated, talked of Men and Things and the turn of the Wheel of the World.

CHAPTER XVI.

At midnight the muezzin in a neighboring minaret turned his face to the windswept sky, and summoned the faithful to prayer and meditation.

O'Rourke pulled thoughtfully at his pipe until the musical, melancholy wail had been whipped away by the breath of the khamsin, and there was silence save for the dull, heavy roaring overhead. Then he resumed the conversation where it had been interrupted.

"And ye say ye love the young woman, Danny?"

"I do that, yer honor."

"And ye would marry her?"

"Wid yer honor's consent—I'm ready, sor."

"I bless the banns. Ye may have her on one condition."

"Aw-w?"

"I've need of ye, as I've pointed out—"

"Sure, yer honor knows ye can count on me to the last breath in me, sor."

"Then ye'll come with me to Burmah?"

"Do ye think, sor, I could slape of nights, after hearin' from your own lips what ye've been through and suspectin' what more ye must go through with before ye've won? Will I be comin', is it? Faith, I'll go whether ye want me or not."

"And afterwards ye can come back to Miss Psyche here, or whatever her name may be."

"Yiss, yer honor, and thank ye kindly."

Abruptly Danny started up. "They'll be comin' now, sor," he said in an excited whisper. "I'm thinkin' I hear thin blundering down the alley."

He turned toward the rear of the house, and as O'Rourke rose to follow him, the signal sounded on the metal door. Danny quickened his steps, and as he disappeared his master slipped quietly into the shadows beneath the overhanging gallery. From this point of seclusion he could hear distinctly the jar of the bolts as Danny opened the iron door, followed by his hoarse whisper: "Whist! Is it yerselves, now?"

Hole's voice answered him huskily: "Who the hell else would it be? Let us in, you damn harp."

The door creaked upon its hinges; and was cautiously closed. The bolts

rattled again. Footsteps shuffled slowly, as of men heavily burdened, over the floor of earth. Then, while O'Rourke gathered himself together, exultation in his heart, and the foretaste of revenge sweet in his mouth, two cloaked figures scuffled into the courtyard, breathing hard beneath their burdens of smuggled drug.

Hole promptly dumped his share of the load down upon the bench and swung upon Danny. "Where's Noccovic?" he demanded, evidently in as ugly a mood as he could muster. "Where is 'e? Stop standin' there and starlin' with yer balmy trap open, yer—"

"That will be about enough," suggested O'Rourke pleasantly, in a conversational tone, stepping from his place of concealment. "Don't call names, Hole—ye're too near yer God—if ye have one, which I misdoubt."

In the clear, bright starlight the pistols in his hands were plainly evident; and one stared the captain in the eye; and one covered the head of the Pelican's first officer.

"Ye will not move!" said O'Rourke, sharply, "save and except to put your hands above your heads. So—don't delay, Mr. Dennison; I've never known me temper to be shorter."

Hole began to splutter excitedly. "Save your breath, ye whelp!" O'Rourke counseled him curtly. "Ye'll have need of it before I'm done with ye." He added: "Search and disarm them, Danny."

The servant set about his task with alacrity; it is safe to say that he left not so much as a match in the pocket of either. While he was about it, Hole, with his eyes steadily fixed upon the unwavering muzzles of O'Rourke's revolvers, managed to master his emotion enough to ask coherently:

"What are you going to do with us?"

"Ye'll see in good time," returned O'Rourke grimly. "Have ye found it, Danny?"

Danny backed away from Hole, whom he had searched after Dennison. "Yiss, sor," he returned. "At least, I think so. Is this it?"

"I can't look at this moment, Danny. Is it a leather bag with something hard inside, the size of a hen's egg, or a bit larger?"

"The very same, yer honor."

"Very well," O'Rourke suppressed the tremble of relief in his voice. "Put it in your pocket, Danny—the very bottom of your pocket. Did ye find a gun on either of them?"

"One on each, sor."

"Loaded?"

"Yiss, sor."

"Then cover them, Danny."

For himself O'Rourke put down his pistols and calmly stripped off his coat, rolling up his sleeves.

"Hole," he said, tersely, "don't move. If ye do, Danny will puncture ye. Your turn comes last. Denni-

son, ye may step out."

"What for?" demanded the Scot, advancing.

"To receive payment, with interest, for that blow ye gave me this evening, me man. Put up your hands. I'm going, in your own words, Mr. Dennison, to hammer the fear of God into as cowardly and despicable a pair of scoundrels as I've ever encountered. And," reflectively, "I've met a good many. But most of the others were Men."

CHAPTER XVII.

Two battered and sore sailorsmen sat back to back, their arms lashed to one another and to the central upright so that neither could move, both half-submerged in the fountain of Noccovic the Greek.

"Ye'll find the bath quite refreshing," O'Rourke told them, preparing to depart, "as well as a novel experience. 'Twill do ye a world of good, Captain Hole, as anyone will tell ye who has ever had the misfortune to



"What Fer?" Demanded the Scot, Advancing.

stand to leeward of ye. Your money and other belongings ye'll find on the bench here, if ever ye are loosed, which I doubt. I call your attention to the fact that I take nothing but me property, of which ye sought to rob me. On the other hand, because of that attempted robbery, I hereby refuse to pay my bill for passage from Athens to Alexandria. If ye care to dispute it, me solicitors in Dublin will be pleased to enter into litigation with ye. Gentlemen!" he bowed ironically, "I bid ye good night."

He was still chuckling over the outcome when, twenty minutes later, he and Danny were trudging through the silent streets of Alexandria, a full mile away from Danny's lodgings.

"Danny," O'Rourke pursued, with just a hint of anxiety in his tone, "would ye happen to be having a bit

of lining in your pocket, now—be accidental, as they say?"

Danny drew himself up proudly. "I've eight hundred and fifty pounds, Agyptian, sor, and two-hundred av that is yours be rights, bein' what ye lent me, yer honor, while all the rist is yours for the taking."

"That's fine, Danny, fine!" sighed O'Rourke. "Tis yourself will never regret investin' it in Pool of Flame, Unlimited. I'll personally guarantee the income from it, Danny."

"Shure, sor, don't I know?"

"And in the morning, early, Danny, ye and I will take boat and go out to the Pelican for me kit-box."

But in the morning, as it happened, the Pelican had discreetly left the harbor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was mid-afternoon of a sultry day. No air stirred. The Panjab was coaling at Port Said.

O'Rourke eyed the vessel with disfavor from the shore; then dropped into a harbor dinghy, ensconced himself at the tiller-ropes, and caused himself, with his luggage and his man-servant, to be conveyed alongside the steamer.

Near the gangway he was held back; another boat had forestalled him; another passenger was shipping for the East. O'Rourke was interested idly.

He saw a woman, a slight, trim figure becomingly attired in white, with a veil about her head, leave the boat and mount the gangway steps with a springy, youthful step, a cheerful and positive air, a certain but indefinable calm of self-possession. At the top she paused, turned, looked down, watching the transfer of her luggage and her maid. . . . From sundry intangible indications O'Rourke assumed the second woman's figure to be the lady's maid. And so did Danny. The one eye, the mistress, the other her servant, both with interest. . . .

The woman on deck threw back her veil. She seemed to promise uncommon beauty of the English type, full-colored and of classic mold. . . . The Irishman was much too far away to be certain, but he fancied that her gaze wandered toward him and—but this, of course, was only imagination—that she started slightly.

At all events, she was quick to drop the veil and turn away. Her maid joining her, both vanished beneath the canvas awnings. The boat that had brought her sheered off, and O'Rourke was permitted to board the Panjab.

It was a glad day, the O'Rourke told himself, as he trod those decks; it saw him definitely started on his way to the East.

Other chapters of this highly interesting story will appear next issue. Watch for them.